

Friends Forever

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Summary: Sam leaps into a suicidal man and develops his suicidal urges.

Friends Forever

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Part One

>

October 15, 1999

>

** "Sam! Ya gotta get up Sam! Please!" Al was screaming at his unconscious partner, and best friend. "C'mon Sam! We've been through worse things than this. Please Sam, wake up!"**

>

** "Admiral, you must keep talking to him. His chances of living have gone down to 0.3%. Talk about his life here at the project. Tell him about Donna, talk about Gushie or Tina or me. Do not let him die, I would be very upset if father died."**

>

With that Ziggy signed off. That damned computer! Thought Al, I don't want the odds! But now they were stuck in Admiral Calavicci's brain. 0.3%. Sam was dying. The only true friend he ever had was dying.

>

SAM!" Al almost dropped to his knees when he saw the machine flatline. "Please God! Don't do this to him! He's done everything for you, please God, Please!"

>

Al felt numb as all the doctors gathered around to try to get him back. Al knew Sam was gone though. He would never see him again. Al couldn't even touch his friend, couldn't even hug him. Al decided it was time to leave when he saw a trickle of the little blood Sam had left drop out of his ear and run down his cheek. The doctors covered Sam's body, then turned off the lights.

>

The black room faded away and was replaced with a bright blue. Al finally did drop to his knees, he couldn't take it anymore. Not without Sam. His life was gone now. Even Tina couldn't help him this time. Al cried like a child as Donna ran into the room and hugged him. They sat on the floor together, in each others arms. Soon they were joined by Gushie, Tina, Alex Hawthorn, and other faces that Al didn't even recognize. He didn't care though. All he wanted was Sam. There was nothing left. Depression overtook him.

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Part 2

>

Before.....

>

>

**Sam's vision faded in and out. This has never happened before, not that I can remember anyway, he thought to himself. He sat up and looked around the room he was in. Oh, boy. Another hospital! I wonder what's wrong with me this time. Sam looked down to see IV's sticking out of his arms. He pulled the oxygen mask from his face and sat quietly wondering where the hell Al was. Suddenly, the pain overtook his thoughts. It had taken awhile but it had happened. Sam doubled over the best he could in the hospital bed and coughed. Blood flew all over the white sheets. He didn't notice the sound of the imaging chamber door opening. **

>

Okay Sam, here's what we got....

>

Al suddenly stopped when he saw Sam on the bed. "Oh God Sam! What's wrong?"

>

Sam finally got over the coughing frenzy and lied back down. Al had never seen Sam look so bad.

>

"So Al, late again? What's her name?" Sam forced a smile.

>

Al flinched at the raspy voice

>

"I don't understand this! The guy in the waiting room is in perfect health. He didn't say anything about a hospital!"

>

"**Did you ask him?"**

>

"No." Al looked away. "Anyway, the date is October 12th 1996. Your name is Michael Tobias Gwenchner. Everyone calls you Toby though. You're parents were killed last month in a car wreck. You live in New York City and you're 23 years old. You have a dog named Peanut and I have no idea why you're in the hospital."

>

Al looked at Sam again and took in the sick mans sight. Sam was white, he matched the sheets around him, except for the few purple places around his eyes and mouth. His lips were blue. Al saw the oxygen mask hanging off the side of the bed.

>

**"Uh, Sam? Maybe you should put that thing back on... Y'know, while

I go find out what the hell is going on."**

>

***Okay Al. Come back as soon as you can. I don't want to be alone right now."**

>

Al walked through the imaging chamber door as Sam went into another coughing fit. Sam must know he's not going to live long, thought Al. He's a doctor, he must know. Al walked out of the imaging chamber and down the hall to the waiting room.

>

***Dr. Beeks. We have got to talk about Sam." Verbina Beeks saw the look on Al's face and instantly excused herself from the healthy looking man in the room.**

>

** "What's wrong Al?"**

>

***Sam is in the hospital, that's what's wrong!" Al cleared his throat. "Sorry 'Bina. He's coughing up blood and he can hardly breathe! The worst thing was that there were no doctors even coming to check on him." Al puffed angrily on a badly needed cigar.**

>

***Al, I gotta tell you something. It's about Michael, the guy in the waiting room. Michael, well, Sam is dying." Al forgot to breathe and sucked in some air. Although he had expected her answer. "A few days ago, Michael jumped in front of a truck. Suicide attempt. He lost over half of his blood, most of it was internal bleeding. Broken ribs, concussion, lacerations on his legs and arms, and anything else you can think of."**

>

***I'm not complaining, but how can he still be alive?"**

>

***I have no clue, but I do know that if Sam is not out of there in three days, he will die."**

>

Al practically ran down the hallway. "Ziggy!"

>

***Yes Admiral? May I remind you that you needn't yell."**

>

* * "Why is Sam there?"**

>

***There's a 98.2% chance that Dr. Becket is there to help a doctor named Valerie Bordesku. She is 25 and just became a doctor at Midview hospital. In the original history, a dead patients hysterical sibling named.... Byron Montesu, goes berserk in the hospital when he finds out his brother, Adrien Montesu, has died. He has a gun and Valerie tries to stop him from committing suicide. He shoots her then shoots himself in the head."**

>

Al sighed and looked at the handlink. "Thanks Ziggy."

>

Al returned to the imaging chamber, then he wished he hadn't.
**Sam was screaming. Screaming in pain or fear or anger, Al didn't know. There was one nurse there trying to comfort him. Suddenly the doctors ran into the room. **

>

***Finally you nozzles!" Al yelled. "Sam! Calm down Sam! You're gonna hurt yourself!"**

>

Sam had woke up in pain. Then he saw them. Snakes. Snakes were everywhere. They were killing him! He had to get away! Sam started screaming and people were running all around him. He heard his name being called but did not know how to acknowledge it. "Let me go! Let me leave!" Sam was screaming over and over again.

>

Sam started pulling the IV's out of his arms, he tore the oxygen mask away from him. "Get me some Morphine now! He's hysterical!"

>

Sam jumped out of the bed and flew out of the room before anyone could stop him.

>

"Sam STOP! You're gonna kill yourself!" Al then wished he hadn't said the last part.

>

Sam suddenly stopped and turned to face Al.

>

A meek whisper came from his throat. "Al?" Then he collapsed on the cold, hard floor. Blood leaked out of his mouth.

>

"Oh God Sam. I'm so sorry." Al felt a tear run down his cheek, he couldn't lose anyone else. He couldn't, he would kill himself first.

>

Part 3

>

>

Sam lay in the hospital bed, thinking about whether or not he was going to die. He tried to remember all the people he had left at his original time and place. He remembered Al, of course, Gushie, Ziggy, Tina, and had a vague memory about someone named Donna. He remembered a little about the project and other small things, but then his mind went blank. The pain was starting to return when he heard the whoosh of the imaging chamber door.

>

"Hi Al." Sam's breathing was wheezy. His head ached, his body ached.

>

**"Hey Sam. How ya feelin?" **

>

**"How do you think I'm feeling?" Sam snapped. Then sighed. "Sorry

Al. I feel like I just got ran over by a train. Tell me what's going on here so I can get out of this place." Sam was having trouble keeping his eyes opened.**

>

"Okay Sam. The reason that you're in the hospital is because you, uh, Michael jumped in front of a truck in an attempt to kill himself. The thing that you're here for is to stop a killing."

>

"So who's going to die, excluding myself?" Al looked at Sam. He wasn't acting like himself. There was no hope in his voice.

>

"Sam, it's a doctor named Valerie Bordesku. She gets shot in the hospital tomorrow by a man named Byron Montesu. He carries a gun into the hospital then goes insane when he finds out his brother died. Valerie tried to stop him from committing suicide, he shot her, then shot himself. Valerie dies, therefore she can't help you, and, uh, you die too."

>

Al watched Sams slow breathing as he lay in the bed, staring at the ceiling. Sam got a weird look on his face then a tear ran down his cheek.

>

"I'm never coming home Al. I'm stick in this place forever." Then Sam started to yell. "I've done everything anyone could ever ask of me! EVERYTHING! And he," Sam pointed at the ceiling, "turns his back on me! I hate you! I hate life! I want to go home DAMMIT!" Sam was becoming hysterical again.

>

Al watched his friend with tears in his eyes. Sams voice quieted down when a nurse came in and gave him some more Morphine. Realization hit Sam.

>

"Oh, God Al. I'm so sorry." Sam was sobbing.

>

**"Sam, it's okay Sam. Hey , we're gonna get you out of this okay? C'mon. You know I won't let you die! You've put me through too much!

I need a break!" Al winked and Sam smiled the best he could.**

>

I didn't mean to say that Al. I love you guys. But there's nothing left. I'll be leaping around in hell forever.

>

**Al saw that Sam was going to get upset again. He had to calm him down. "Okay, listen Sam. I'm not gonna leave you. Promise. Ziggy says you have a 69.2% chance of making this happen. We've almost found you a way home!" Al hated lying to Sam, but Sam was quiet once again. Then Al noticed he was sleeping. Good. Al had a cot brought into the imaging chamber so he could be with Sam. He didn't want to leave him alone after all the things he had said. Al hated to think it, but he was afraid that Sam was getting Michaels suicidal urges. **

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>

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Part 4

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Al woke to the sound of singing. He had forgotten where he was.
**Then he remembered. The hospital. He had been there for the past three days. He looked at the clock on the night stand beside Sams bed. 2:00 in the morning. Today was the day that they would find out whether Sam lived or not. **

>

Al sat up in bed and looked over at Sam. Sam was sitting up in the bed with his knees pulled up to his chest, rocking back and forth. He was singing. He was singing a long forgotten children's song. Twinkle twinkle little star, over and over again.

>

**Al watched his friend with concern. Nothing had really happened in the past two days. Sam wasn't talking much. **

>

Al watched Sam for about 3 minutes, then he saw a shining scalpel in Sams hand.

>

***"Oh no Sam! Put that down right now! SAM!" **

>

Sam looked at Al with pleading eyes. "It's too late Al. I'm escaping from this. I can't do this anymore."

>

Al got a better look at Sam when his eyes focused in the dark. The white sheets were no longer white. They were covered with blood. Sams blood. He slit his wrists.

>

***"Sam! You have to stop the bleeding! For Christ Sakes cover that!"**

>

**Sam hissed at Al. "Do NOT talk to me about Christ!" The voice was no longer Sams. "Christ has left me alone to suffer all the years of my life! Then he took my parents!!!" **

>

**Al knew than that Sam was not there anymore. **

>

Suddenly, fear came into Sams face. "Al? What happened Al? I'm so tired." Al had tears running down his cheeks.

>

***"Sam? SAM! You're back!"**

>

Sam's eyes started to close. "I'm so tired Al."

>

***"No Sam! You gotta keep you're eyes open! C'mon. Now, push the red button on the panel beside you. It'll call a nurse in here and she's going to help you. Hurry!"**

>

Sam Forced his eyes to open and pushed the button. Then he fainted. "Sam!"

>

The nurse ran into the room then gasped when she saw the blood covered sheets. "Doctor, hurry, get in here!"

>

**A woman doctor of about 25 ran into the room. She must be the one he's here to save, thought Al. **

>

"He needs a transfusion! And put pressure on his wrists! Hurry!"

>

**Several other doctors than ran into the room and started working on Sam. They ran him down the hallway into the emergency room and did a blood transfusion. Al watched in terror, thinking any moment the machine would flatline. **

>

"Ziggy! What's going on? How the hell is Sam supposed to save this damned doctor if he's dead!"

>

"Everything still reads the same as it did before admiral. Michael Gwenchner still dies on the 15th, and so does Doctor Bordesku."

>

"Dammit Ziggy! If he dies now he won't even have the chance to save her! Wait, what time does Dr. Bordesku die?"

>

"At approximately 3:48 a.m."

>

Al looked at the clock on the wall. 3:15. **Okay, thought Al, the only chance we got is for Sam to leap. In order for Sam to leap he has to save Dr. Bordesku from dying. New hope came to Al when the doctors announced, "He's stabilizing." **

>

***"Yes Sam!" Sam was still unconscious but Al knew that Sam knew he was there. A couple of doctors left and Sam opened his eyes.**

>

"Al?" The doctors glanced at each other.

>

"I'm here Sam. I'm here."

>

**Dr. Bordesku started to walk out of the door when a man barged in. Al almost fainted when he saw the gun. **

>

"AL!" Sam opened his eyes wider when he saw Dr. Bordesku go for the gun.

>

**The rest seemed to happen in slow motion. Sam saw the trigger being pulled. He used all the strength he had left. He pulled himself off of the bed and shoved Dr. Bordesku into the wall. Then crumpled to the ground when he felt a burning pain in his side. **

>

Al watched helplessly as Sam was shot. Doctors and nurses lept on the man and pulled him out of the room as the rest tended to Sam.

>

"Oh God Sam. You can't die now!" Al suppressed a sob.

>

**Dr. Bordesku jumped from her spot on the floor with new determination. **

>

"He saved my life. I have to save his."

>

**Al was staring at Sam. He didn't even try to hold back the tears.

**

>

Ziggy's voice suddenly boomed out. "Admiral, you have to try to keep him awake."

>

"Sam! Ya gotta get up Sam! Please!" Al was screaming at his unconscious partner, and best friend. "C'mon Sam! We've been through worse things than this. Please Sam, wake up!"

>

"Admiral, you must keep talking to him. His chances of living have gone down to 0.3%. Talk about his life here at the project. Tell him about Donna, talk about Gushie or Tina or me. Do not let him die, I would be very upset if father died."

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Part 5

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**1 week later . . . **

>

AL was listening to an oldies station on the radio. He never listened to the oldies, what was wrong with him?

>

***I look at the moon and a single star, It's making me crazy
wondering where you are, I reach out and touch that heavenly face,
Open my hand there's empty space, Oh no, Where are you tonight, I've
got to know, Where are you tonight?***

>

Dammit, thought Al, why the hell do they have to play shit like this? He immediately thought of Sam.

>

***Should clean up the place but I just don't care, Tonight I'll be talking to the moon and that star, Maybe they'll tell me where you are . . ."**

>

***Oh, God Sam. I miss you so much." Suddenly Al felt resentment towards everyone at the project. They weren't affected the way Al was, from their point of view, Sam died years ago! Al saw him almost everyday. He got a bitter taste in his mouth and realized it was hate. **

>

**Al wiped some tears away and looked in the mirror. He looked terrible. He hadn't slept since Sam died. Sams dead. He's gone. Al was pale, he stayed isolated from everyone. He didn't need their sympathy. He didn't want it. Maybe Sam was right to kill himself and

escape this! **

>

**Al flinched at what he had just thought. No, Sam wasn't the one who did it. It was that Nozzle in the waiting room. Hate, anger, depression. These were the only things Al felt now. There was no love. There was no life. **

>

**Al changed the station on the radio. **

>

**Country, Al thought, perfect when you're depressed. **

>

>

"So long, see you around, seen all I wanna see of this town, I'm outta time and I'm outta tears, out of my mind and I'm outta here . . ."

>

**Al clicked off the radio. He thought of Donna. Donna was Sam's wife. His wife. But she lost him a long time ago. The pain was fresh for Al. **

>

**Al glanced over at his glass cabinet. The guns he had collected over the years. Beautiful, he thought. **

>

Al stepped over to the case and took out his Colt .45.

**A classic, he thought. The gun is loaded. It would be so easy. So easy. Just pull the trigger. The pain would end, maybe he would see Sam again. So easy. **

>

Al cocked the gun. So easy. And put it to his right temple. So easy.

>

**"Admiral!" Al glanced up with tears in his eyes. **

>

** "What is it Ziggy." Al silently thanked the computer for interrupting the mistake Al was about to make. **

>

** "Dr. Samuel Beckett has leaped." **

>

** AL's eyes got wider than he thought possible. **

>

** "What did you say?" He whispered. **

>

** "Dr. Beckett has leaped." **

>

** Admiral Albert Calavicci dropped the gun to the floor. **

>

** "Get me locked on him now! Ziggy where is he?" **

>

** "He is in Chicago, Illinois. August 19, 1987." **

>

** "Thank you God!!!!" **

>

** Al flew down the hallway to the imaging chamber. Giving glances to a smiling Gushie and A hysterical Verbina Beeks and Donna Alesee-Beckett. **

>

** He ran into the imaging chamber. And saw Sam. **

>

** "SAM!" **

>

** Sam turned around to find a hysterical Al. **

>

** "Oh Sam! I missed you so much! I almost killed myself because of you!" **

>

** Al was sobbing at this point. **

>

** "Al? What the hell are you talking about?" Sam gave AL a weird look. Then sighed. **

>

** "You probably can't tell me. So, who am I, where am I, and why am I here?" **

>

** Al just stared at Sam with tears in his eyes and a big grin on his face. Then looked at the hand-link. "Your name is Jonathon Judge. You're a," Al grinned "you're a quantum physicist." **

>

End
file.